

ACADEMY HERALD

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VOL. III.—NO. 2.  
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PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS
OF GOULD'S ACADEMY ❖ ❖ ❖
BETHEL, MAINE ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

The Academy Herald.

VOL. III.

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NO. 2.

The Academy Herald,

Editorial.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF

GOULD'S ACADEMY.

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THE editors of the HERALD again greet the patrons of the paper and thank them for their kindness and consideration in the past. For the last time the senior members of the editorial staff have an opportunity to assist in preparing the HERALD for publication; and, while we, at times, may have considered the duty somewhat irksome, we now feel, with sorrow, that our connection with the paper and the school is so soon to be broken. May the same attention and generosity which we have always received be extended to our successors.

PERSEVERANCE may equal or even surpass genius in its results. The efforts of an honest, earnest, faithful man often, in the end, accomplish more than the less systematic and less determined labors of some more gifted brother. It is unity of purpose, concentration of strength and will, and zealous, unrelenting toil that surmount great difficulties and accomplish great results. The ambitious mind is never content. The higher it rises, the more it understands how low it really is. Therefore, although some of us may not be greatly blessed with genius, we should remember that the grandest results are obtained, not by genius, but by patient, plodding labor, and that to the ambitious, determined mind the gateway of success always stands ajar.

DO we, the members of the class of '99, realize how short a time remains before our student days at Gould's Academy will be finished? Do we realize how soon the golden chain of association which binds us to student and teacher will be broken? Too soon, we shall listen no longer for the chimes of the old bell, telling in joyous tones tales of happiness and pleasure, and calling us to our school duties. Too soon, we shall look no longer into the kind faces of our wise, cheerful, counseling teachers. In the short time now remaining before graduation, may it be our aim to grasp as many as possible of those things which will be advantageous to us in later life, to take in and assimilate all that is good and true and lofty and ennobling. May we seek to cultivate the habit of self-dependence, one of the most potent factors of success, and may we take a broad, deep view of life, that, when the time to step forth into the busy, jostling, struggling world, comes, we may not be unprepared to cope with its troubles and vicissitudes. The time has come when it is necessary for us to decide toward what end in life to direct our efforts. Each one of us has a place to fill to which he, or she, is adapted. But, whatever the life occupation, may we bear in mind that there is no such thing as a finished education. After the school days are finished, life itself opens to each one a higher education, and whosoever fails to avail himself of its advantages by observation and by proper reading and study, ought never to feel that his life has been properly spent. Above all, in life's busy struggle, let us not forget the "dear old Academy" in whose halls was laid the foundation of our life work. Let our interest in its welfare and success never die; but may it be our earnest wish to see it "rise, rise till it meet the sun in his coming; rise till the earliest light of the morning shall gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit."

THE lectures which have been given for the benefit and advancement of the students of Gould's Academy, have more

than fulfilled the object for which they were intended. Each lecture seems an education in itself. The course was very carefully planned, and every effort was made to procure the very best talent in the State. The lectures thus far given, have been ample proof that Maine talent is nowhere surpassed. As each lecture has been given, we have said, "This is surely the best of the course;" but each time we find ourselves happily disappointed, for, while they are entirely unlike, each one is of such excellence and interest that it is impossible to make any choice or comparison. We must, therefore, enjoy them as they come and derive as much good as possible from each one of them.

DO we ever realize the value of morning quotations which we are so inclined to slight and imperfectly prepare? Do we ever realize the added dignity which they give to the mind? Their benefits are indeed manifold. The simple task of learning them, in itself, strengthens and broadens the mental faculties. And, too, they furnish the quickest method of obtaining a general knowledge of literature. It takes only a short time to find in quotations from Shakespeare, traces of a master mind; it takes only a short time to discover that he had an extensive vocabulary, that his knowledge of human nature was remarkable, and that his style is original, not commonplace; and, again, as we listen to the beautiful gems of thought from the works of Holmes, Whittier, Emerson, Lowell, and Longfellow, we immediately associate them on account of their kindredness of thought and style. Quotations furnish us with the great thoughts of great men. In fact, they are the condensed sentiment of centuries. To the ready writer and conversationalist they are indispensable, for nothing can add greater charm to discourse than an occasional quotation. So, when the morning comes to give quotations, select some beautiful gem, and learn it perfectly, for it will benefit, not only you, but those who listen. And, since quotations

have such an influence in moulding our characters, what words can prove a better standard than these, the motto of "old Gould's," "To thine own self be true."

Literary.

America as a Naval Power.

[Mid-term Composition, Fall of '98.]

BY the recent death of Nelson Dingley, the nation has lost a wise and talented statesman, and Maine, one of her truest, noblest sons. Mr. Dingley was born in Durham, Androscoggin Co., Maine, Feb. 15, 1832. He entered Colby College in 1851 and remained a year and a half. He then left that institution to continue his college course at Dartmouth, whence he was graduated in 1855. Mr. Dingley studied law for two years in Auburn, Maine, and was admitted to the bar; but he did not immediately take up the practice of his profession, preferring to try his hand at journalism. About this time, he became editor of the Lewiston Journal, which prospered greatly under his management. In 1861, he was elected representative to the State Legislature—a position which he held for several years, serving, as it were, an apprenticeship to his later Congressional life, and there laying the foundation of that good sense and wisdom which he so often displayed in the National House. He served as governor of Maine for two terms, declining a third nomination. In 1881, he was elected to fill the position in the House of Representatives, left vacant by the resignation of William P. Frye, and from that time until his death, Mr. Dingley served his country faithfully, as the acknowledged leader of the Republican faction in Congress. But it was not to politics alone, that Mr. Dingley devoted his energies. He always found time for religious worship and was a member of the Pine Street Congregational church in Lewiston. He had a deep interest in the young men of his church, and when in the city, he frequently gave them wise words of advice. Long will our country feel and mourn the loss of this noble patriot and statesman, whose career is well worthy to serve as an example to every aspiring young American.

TO a careful observer of the times, it is evident that the colonial policy of the United States is about to become radically changed; that we, having demonstrated for over a century our ability to govern ourselves, are about to take up the task of governing others; and that, as a result of this territorial expansion, a greater navy must be built, and America must take her rightful place among the naval powers of the world.

This change of policy has not been dictated by any party or by any political leader. It may be, perhaps, that many of our citizens do not desire it. But, wishing it or not, the recent war has forced it upon us. The United States has made itself responsible for the future of Cuba; and, until the Cubans can govern themselves, we are pledged to give them good government and to defend them.

As a result of Dewey's midnight dash, the Philippines are in our hands. A part of them will, doubtless, be given us by the Peace Commissioners. At their distance from the United States, it would be impossible to defend them with the present naval force. As a result of the splendid successes of the American arms, Porto Rico will, without doubt, be given to the United States. Here, again, is shown the need of a greater navy.

When Washington, in his farewell address, urged that the United States should keep clear of entangling alliances, he was speaking of a nation extending in a narrow strip along the Atlantic coast, burdened with debt, having no manufactures, no export trade, and dependent on other nations for food and clothing. To-day the United States, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, has a debt of less than two per cent of the

national wealth. To-day the United States may be said to feed the world, as we excel all other nations in the production of food-supplies. Thus we see that the condition of this country has changed since the days of Washington.

As a result of our exclusive policy, an attempt was made during the early part of this war to combine the European nations against us. This coalition, doubtless, would have succeeded but for the prompt refusal of England to join them.

To-day England seeks alliance with us. There is not a single European nation but would eagerly accept this offer. But before this alliance could be effected with benefit to either nation, the United States must build a navy as great as that of France. With such a navy, hand in hand with England, we could rule the world. Without such a navy, the United States may, at some time, be forced to seek peace at the feet of an European coalition.

In viewing the proposed increase of our naval strength, the results achieved by our navy in the recent war, may be taken as a revelation of what America could do as a naval power. The wonderful showing of the American cruisers at the battle of Manila, the famous voyage of the battleship, Oregon, around Cape Horn, and the naval battle of July 3, in which four armored cruisers and two of the most formidable torpedo-boat destroyers in the world were annihilated, should prove an inspiration to American shipbuilders, and should show to the great nations across the sea, that the American navy, even in its present condition, is not to be despised, and that, strengthened and enlarged, as it eventually will be, it will have no superiors among the great navies of the world.

R. C. B., '99.

The mind of the scholar, if you would have it large and liberal, should come in contact with other minds.

Under Italian Skies.

THERE is no place in the whole world so dear, so dirty, so thoroughly bewitching, so impossible to live in and so hard to leave, as happy-go-lucky Naples. The city rises tier upon tier from the curving shore to the summit of the hill, crowned by the heavy, gray walls of the monastery. The narrow streets are filled with the raggedest specimens of humanity that European civilization can offer. The people are fit subjects for artists, for sculptors, for brigands, for anything but respectable, well-to-do citizens with substantial New England consciences. They are ragged and dirty; they are superstitious and irresponsible. They lie, they cheat, they steal, they beg; and yet, not for the world would you change one of them. They elaborate upon the excellencies of coral pins, offering them at some exorbitant price to the unsophisticated American, and they gladly sell them, after an hour of good-natured haggling, for one-fifth the original amount. They besiege you with lava images, with tortoise shell ornaments, with bits of coral to ward off the evil eye. Their belief in the power of the evil eye seems incredible. Horses carry the precious bit of coral tied to some part of their harness; shrines erected near the door of the wretched houses, protect the inmates from this mysterious power; and men, women, and children hastily cross the second and third fingers at the least surprise or emotion or fear, thus insuring their safety.

Beggars haunt you at every turn, showing their maimed limbs with ghoulish pride and glee, and muttering imprecations if you pass by their out-stretched hands. Soldiers in their dusty uniforms, tramp by on their way home from their work outside the city limits; goats, ready to be milked, stand before the customers' doors, or clatter through the narrow streets; and tiny Neapolitan donkeys wail a protest against heavy burdens and cruel masters. The people laugh and chatter and sing, and past and future alike, are

forgotten in the presence of merry *dolce far niente* to-day.

On the road to Posilippo, stands a villa, which, once seen, haunts one with a persistent longing to return to it. It stands on the water's edge. The waves pound against the stone foundation, flinging the spray to the piazza, some twenty feet above, or rippling softly along the yellow sands and merrily chasing the tiny green lizards that scurry to and fro in the sunshine. It is built around an open court-yard—and such a court-yard! There are vines and myrtles and orange trees. There are beds of violets and garlands of passion-flowers. Geraniums climb over the white walls, and tall fern-palms lift their feathery tops high above the roof of the house. Sword-sharp cacti bristle in surly groups here and there; and the driveway, winding with many loops to the street above, is fringed with fern and bush and blossom. On the other side of the villa, lies the winding shore and the dancing bay with its burden of fishing boats and stately steamers, and with the butterfly sails of lighter skiffs. Opposite, stretches an unbroken line of mountains, while Vesuvius mounts guard over all. The mountain is not unlike our own Mt. Abram with its sloping sides and rounded top. White farms are dotted along the base, and the thin line of blue smoke, rising from the summit in the day-time, changes to fire and opal at night. No mountain is so like a living jewel as this. Violet and amethyst hues, palest of pink and tenderest of blues, flashes of flame, and silver gray, chase each other across the gentle slope, as morning lights give way to evening glow. It towers, like a guardian angel, over the white city and beautiful bay; it hovers, like an evil spirit, over Pompeii on the other side, sullenly triumphing over the desolation and ruin of the dead city.

Strangely enough, Naples seems to have blossomed into happy, careless existence from the very heart of desolation. Following the winding shore, mile after mile of olive trees and dreary vineyards stretch away out of sight over the hills, no spot of color

brightening their cold, gray cheerlessness. Ruins of amphitheaters, and broken columns lie here and there, and hills with buried treasures, which the Italian government is too poor to excavate, and too proud to yield to another nation. Lake Avernus with its deep silence and "shades where grisly Night abounds," sleeps before you. You dare not disturb the snarl of weed and vine around its borders for fear of startling snakes or other venomous creatures into sudden life. Low-lying marshes recall the hideous oyster beds of Nero's time. A partially extinct volcano burns and flames and seethes before you, while wreaths of sulphurous smoke rise from under your step. A dead world, used and flung away and forgotten, seems to lie around you. And yet, but a few miles away, under the shadow of the living volcano, rests gay-hearted Naples.

Vesuvius pales and glows, pales and glows again, as you stand on the piazza of the villa. The water splashes below you on the beach. Raphael, the dusky boatman, rocks lazily back and forth in his white skiff, softly humming a bit of "Santa Lucia." His sweetheart lives across the bay, and her dowry means days and days of happy idleness to come. The torches of the fishing boats flare into the night as they steal past the old tower. From the street above you comes a gay burst of music. Along the hill and winding shore, twinkle the lights of the city; and over all, shines the faint, pale gleam of the stars. Strangely familiar they seem,—the Great Dipper and Orion and the Pleiades. The world grows small before them, and a sudden wave of "Heimweh" comes into your heart for the tiny village and the home, nestled away so peacefully in the heart of the Bethel hills.

LILIAN FARNSWORTH TRUE.

Bethel, Maine.

"The idol of to-day, pushes the hero of yesterday, out of our recollection, and will, in turn, be supplanted by his successor of to-morrow."

Influence of Nature.

[Mid-term Composition, Fall of '98.]

FROM the earliest ages, to the present time, natural scenery has had a wonderful influence on mankind. Those countries have always stood pre-eminent in art, have brought forth the most illustrious poets, in fact, have produced the greatest number of great men, which were most richly endowed with beautiful scenery.

This influence is well exemplified in the careers of Greece and Rome. Their people, living in two of the most beautiful countries of the world, attained to a culture far superior to that of the nations situated near them in the less beautiful regions of Africa and Asia Minor. It was natural scenery, together with the naturally imaginative minds of the Greeks and Romans, which showed to them, in every tree, a divinity, in every brook, a nymph; that made them the leading nations of their times. It was natural scenery that inspired from them those magnificent works of art, those incomparable gems of classic literature which have lived and will continue to live as long as the soul of man has any appreciation of the beautiful and sublime.

Nor is our own nation, nor our own State—for certainly no place more beautiful than Maine exists—destitute of demonstrations of this influence. Many assign as the reason for the innumerable inventions and the many choice works of literature and art, now being constantly brought forth by our countrymen, the superiority of our race; but settle the American people in the sandy plains of Arabia, or place them among the barren wilds of Siberia, and what would become of the productiveness of the present era? We could not expect a person who, from infancy, had been shut up in some dark garret to write a book worth reading. Neither can a people, living in a barren country, where they can never see the marvelous beauty of the works of the Master, be expected to erect any lasting monument of genius.

Who can stand upon one of our own beautiful hilltops on one of these quiet autumn days, and gaze upon the scenery spread out before him like some vast picture, the green meadows with the river winding through, and the surrounding mountains, rising in terraces, seeming stepping-stones to the far off heavens, mountains upon whose sunny slopes the Indian may have built his wigwam—whc, I say, can look upon this scene with its background of green woods, tipped here and there with red-leaved trees, standing like the crimson-coated Britons of the Revolution, grim sentinels of the forest, and not be lifted above himself, not be raised to a better appreciation of the divine and infinitely-wise plan of the universe?

Take Nature by the hand. Walk with her through field and forest. You will see in the blossoming flowers and the autumnal foliage, forms of her magnificent beauty. You will hear in the "babbling brooks" and "whispering pines" her low, sweet voice, urging you to a nobler life and inspiring you to greater efforts in the struggle for success. Talk with her and you can but feel with Bryant that

"To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language."

L. V. W., '99.

The Legend of Troy.

[Mid-term Composition, Fall of '98.]

THOUSANDS of years ago, in the north-western part of Asia Minor, there stood a city, rich and prosperous, with contented, well-to-do inhabitants. To-day, nothing remains of that city and its people except a few myths or legends.

Troy, the pride of her citizens, the envy of contemporaries, the loved of the Gods, was ruled by Priam, a just, wise king; he, in turn, was ruled by his wife, Hecuba, who bore him several children. The best known of these were Hector, the warrior, Cassandra, the

prophetess, and Paris, the youngest and handsomest of them all.

When Paris was born, it was prophesied that he should some day bring destruction upon the city and death to his parents. On learning this, Priam had him taken away to Mount Ida, where the king supposed wild beasts would devour him. Unfortunately for Troy, the youthful Paris was rescued by a shepherd, who brought the child up in his own occupation, and Paris grew to manhood ignorant of his true parentage.

About this time, the marriage of Thetis, a sea-nymph, and Peleus, king of Athens, was celebrated. Now it happens that Jupiter, having promised the newly-wedded pair his favor, had invited all the gods and goddesses, except Eris or Discordia, who had been omitted because of her ill-temper, to the feast. When she found she had been omitted, her anger knew no bounds and she at once began to plan some scheme by which she might disturb the harmony of the wedding party.

While the guests were partaking of their brimming glasses of wine, the gift of Bacchus, she suddenly entered and tossed a golden apple, bearing the words, "To the fairest," into their midst. Then arose a great clamor for, of course, each one wished to be considered the most beautiful; but Juno, Pallas, and Venus were most eager for the prize.

The gods refused to settle the matter, so, after some deliberation, it was left to Paris to decide. He at once awarded the much-coveted apple to Venus, who, in return for the favor, promised him the most beautiful woman in the world for his wife.

Soon after this, he went to Troy to take part in the games. His powers as an athlete and his great beauty soon attracted the attention of the king and queen; and, when Cassandra told them he was their son, they joyfully received him and tried to make amends for their long years of neglect. It is needless to say that, in their joy, they forgot the fatal prophecy.

Not long after this, Paris was sent on an

embassy to Greece. There he was entertained by Menelaus and his wife, Helen, the most beautiful woman in the world. Paris was much impressed by her charms from the very first, and Helen felt great admiration for him.

During Paris' stay at the court, Menelaus was obliged to absent himself from home, leaving his wife to entertain his princely guest. Here was the longed-for opportunity, and Paris made the most of it, persuading the not unwilling Helen to flee with him to Troy.

Then began a siege, long and severe. Menelaus, angry at the deceit of his guest and the fickleness of his wife, prepared to follow and bring her back.

Years before, the beautiful Helen had been overwhelmed with suitors, but before granting any one of them a hearing, she made him promise that, whatever the verdict should be, he would stand by the man she chose. Menelaus now summoned these early suitors and a mighty army came at his call.

At first, the gods seemed to frown upon the undertaking; but, after sufficient sacrificing, the omens became favorable and they sailed away to the shores of Troy. Here, too, they met with 'poor success; the Trojans were prepared for war, truly worthy opponents of valiant foes. Time and again, the Greeks were driven back from the walls of Troy.

There were a few Greeks who distinguished themselves at this time, among whom were Achilles, Agamemnon, and Ulysses; but the troops, as a whole, were cowardly and faint-hearted. Their first real advance was gained, when Achilles slew Hector, the Trojan chief, whose lifeless body he dragged nine times around the walls of Troy.

When the Trojans saw this, all hope died, and they had little energy to go on with the war; but soon after, Achilles was shot through the heel—his one vulnerable spot—with a poisoned arrow, so once again the forces were evenly matched.

It was plainly evident that some stratagem was needed if the the Greeks hoped to take Troy. The crafty Ulysses planned a huge wooden horse, which Virgil says was

"The size of a mountain." In this, the bravest of the warriors were concealed, while the main army pretended to sail away. Next, Sinon, a crafty, unscrupulous slave, was sent to the Trojans, and, when questioned, he was to say that the horse was built as a votive offering to Neptune for a safe return home; and, if the Trojans wished to transfer the favor of the gods from the Greeks to themselves, they must bring the horse within the city.

In spite of the warnings of several wise men, the horse was brought in. On the following night, the imprisoned Greeks were set free by Sinon. Then followed such a scene as can be better imagined than described. The aged Priam, after seeing his people cut down, was chopped to pieces, and the city razed to the ground.

Morning saw a forlorn little band of exiles on Mount Ida, with Æneas as their leader. This band resolved to seek some distant land and there found a new Troy. With their wanderings, the tale of Troy, her prosperity, and misfortunes, brought on by the selfishness of one of her own sons, comes to an end.

F. E. C., '99.

Don't hate your neighbor, if his creed
 With your own doctrine fails to fit;
 The chances that you both are wrong,
 You know, are well-nigh infinite.
 Don't fancy, 'mid a million worlds
 That fill the silent dome of night,
 The gleams of all pure truth converge
 Within the focus of your sight.
 Despise not any man that lives,
 Alien or neighbor, near or far:
 Go out beneath the scornful stars,
 And see how very small you are.
 The world is large, and space is high
 That sweeps around our little ken;
 But there's no space or time to spare
 In which to hate our fellow-men.
 And this, my friend, is not the work for you;
 Then leave all this for smaller men to do.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

Have You an Ambition? Prove It.

ALTHOUGH our aims are of the highest and best, we often fail. But there never can be a true success without failure.

While we are struggling upward and onward, there are many incidents we can look back upon as the brightest. It seems as though the brightest side of everything was also its highest and best; so that, as our little lives sink back behind us into the dark sea of forgetfulness, all that which is the highest and the most gladsome, is the last to sink, and stands above the waters, long in sight, when the angry thoughts and smarting pains are buried deep below the waves and trouble us no more.

What a terribly dull affair life must be for contented people! How heavy the time must hang on their hands, and with what on earth do they occupy their thoughts, supposing they have any? They never know the excitement of expectation, nor the stern delight of accomplished effort, such as stir the heart of the man who has objects, and hopes, and plans.

To the ambitious man, life is a brilliant game—a game that calls forth all his tact, and energy, and nerve; a game to be won, in the long run, by the quick eye and the steady hand, and yet having sufficient chance about its working out to give it all the glorious zest of uncertainty. He exults in it, as the strong swimmer in the heaving billows, as the athlete in the wrestle, the soldier in the battle.

So, walk up, boys and girls! Show your skill and try your strength. There are prizes for all, and all can play. There is glory for the man and fame for the boy.

Some few win, and as to the rest, why, if they be defeated, they have, at least, climbed higher by striving. Better to work and fail, than to sleep one's life away.

BERTHA M. WILEY, G. A. '96.

"Desire not to live long, but to live well;
 How long we live, not years but actions tell."

Quotations.

("The bearing of these observations lies in the application on 'em.")

A life of sorrow and privation, a hard life, indeed, do these poor devil editors have of it.

Editorial Board.

So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good, so patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure.

Miss Purington.

There is something divine in the science of numbers.

Second Arithmetic Class.

Ah, yes! we all

Love him, from the bottom of our hearts.

Edwin Harvey.

Her step was royal,—queen-like.

Ruby Smith.

Toiling much, enduring much, fulfilling much.

Miss Mayo.

Gentle of speech, but absolute of rule.

Mr. Hanscom.

Accomplishments are native to her mind.

Miss Billings.

As firm as the rock and as calm as the flood.

Mabel Shaw.

Sharper eyes are on us,
Than we blind ones know.

Everett Brown.

Her mind was unsullied as new fallen snow.

Grace Chapman.

Only to love and be loved again.

George French.

I bless thee for the noble heart,
The tender and the true.

Mr. Spear.

Thy voice
Is a celestial melody, and thy form,
Self-poised, as if it floated on the air.

Henrietta Douglas.

Great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous.

Merritt Gay.

Beautiful in form and feature,
Lovely as the day,
Can there be so fair a creature
Formed of common clay?

Ethel Sanborn.

A stout gentleman, round and ruddy.

Adrian Grover.

Feet that run on willing errands.

Philip Maher.

He was a valiant youth, and his face, like the face of the morning.

Fenwicke Holmes.

I have ease, and I have health,
And I have spirits light as air;
And more than wisdom, more than wealth,—
A merry heart that laughs at care.

Durward Mason.

'Tis the sweet language of the soul
On which her voice is hung.

Florence Carter.

Once out of sight we're out of mind.

Freshman Class.

For me, I'm woman's slave confessed.

Wallace Goodwin.

The basis of his character was good, sound common sense.

Porter Swan.

I am not in the roll of common men.

Charles Holmes.

Fear not the future, weep not for the past.

Junior Class.

Like a lovely tree, she grew to womanhood.

Auna Carlson.

He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age.

Leon Walker.

All hope abandon, ye who enter here.

Caesar Class.

He hath eaten me out of house and home.

Robert Bisbee.

Her face with gladness overspread!

Soft smiles, by human kindness bred!

Alma Gehring.

Always talk big, and you will not be forgotten.

Louis Mercier.

In each cheek appears a pretty dimple.

Effie Thurston.

Look not mournfully into the past;

It comes not back again.

Wisely improve the present; it is thine.

Go forth to meet the shadowy future, without fear.

Students of G. A.

Young men, when girls flatter you, just remember that it is natural for 'lasses to make taffy.

G. A. Young Men.

Non ministrari, sed ministrare.

Mr. Hanscom.

Speaks three or four languages, word for word, without a book.

Mr. Pratt.

A sweet, new blossom of humanity.

Bessie Andrews.

Busy and full of life and circumstance.

Cora Farwell.

Colors seen by candle light
Do not look the same by day.

Dramatic Club.

A man that's fond precociously of stirring
Must be a spoon.

George Ryerson.

Thy cheerful, gentle ways I do admire.

Mildred Tuell.

It is good for us to be here.

G. A. Students.

Next to being a great poet is the power of understanding one.

Eng. Lit. Students.

Not to return, how painful the remembrance of joys departed!

Senior Class.

Give me the eloquent cheek
Where blushes burn and die.

Addie Horr.

I bless thee for kind looks and words.

Maud Thurston.

will help to give us the desired originality?

The time when the cap and gown was looked upon as unheard of, an eccentricity not to be tolerated in the secondary schools, has passed; and if we wish to keep up with the times, we must give over the idea that the cap and gown belongs exclusively to college life.

Besides the dignity and ease which the costume gives, it very materially lessens the expenses which are unavoidable at such times, and this, to many of us, is an important consideration.

There is an old quotation which does not seem out of place here:

"Be not the first by whom the new is tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

We can not take the initiative if we would; but we need not be the last to step out of an old rut.

A '99ER.

Shall '99 Wear the Cap and Gown?

AS the time draws near when it becomes necessary to settle the questions relative to commencement, we find ourselves confronted by problems which, though not exactly weighty, are none the less perplexing.

Rings or pins, caps and gowns, number and selection of class parts, are questions we are obliged to decide for ourselves. To do so with the least possible friction is what each one strives for, and it seems to be the firm determination of the '99ers to maintain peace and union, even though they have to sacrifice some cherished scheme.

Shall we wear caps and gowns? This is a question which has been agitated for some time, but fails to find settlement.

Why should not the class of '99 be the one to introduce into our school this custom which is slowly but surely coming to be one of the features of commencement?

Of course we all want our graduation to be original, to follow some plan of our own, which shall vary as much as possible from the graduations of preceding years. Why then should we try to shut out those things which

Did It Ever Occur to You?

FRESHMEN:—

That the Seniors will not profit by your advice?

That everything is before you and nothing, behind?

That while you remain at the foot of the ladder, there is no one below to look down upon?

That it will not be safe to be too funny with the upper classmen, even if you are protected from hazing?

Boys:—

That it is proper to lift your hat to the ladies?

That you should precede a lady in ascending the stairs?

That you should give a lady the inside of the walk?

That noisy and boisterous conduct on the street is rude and ungentlemanly?

That in all public places you should remember two things: first, the courtesy you

owe to others; second, the respect you owe to yourselves?

GIRLS:—

That it is dangerous to fall down the Academy stairs? (Leave that to the boys who wear squeaky shoes. Perhaps they can come more quietly that way.)

That it is selfish to stand over the register for half an hour on a cold morning?

STUDENTS IN GENERAL:—

That it is the individual duty of each and every one of you to maintain the honor and dignity of "old Gould's"?

That people will judge your school by your conduct and by what you say about the school?

That with so many pleasant associations, the few unpleasant things, if any, should not be mentioned outside?

ALUMNI:—

That for twenty cents per year, the ACADEMY HERALD will be sent to you regularly?

That you should encourage the editors and help the school paper by sending an occasional contribution?

That an Alumni Association would be a powerful factor in advancing the interests of Gould's Academy?

Scott Godwin is at work in Gilead, Me.

Harvey Philbrook has for some time made his home in Lawtey, Florida. His home there was recently destroyed by fire.

Miss Franc Otis, now Mrs. Decker, resides in Berlin, N. H.

Miss Grace Ames teaches in New York City.

D. E. Edwards owns and manages an extensive flour manufacturing business in Fort Fairfield, Maine.

Miss Jane Gibson is a member of the Bethel School Board.

'89

Miss Grace Chapman, now Mrs. Gould, resides at Bar Harbor.

'91

Miss Edith Grover makes her home with her parents in Bethel.

Miss Pride resides in Windham, Maine.

Arthur Wiley, Bowdoin '95, is serving for the fourth year as principal of Norway High School.

'92

Ralph Greenlaw is a member of the Senior Class of Bowdoin College.

'93

Miss Clyde Bartlett, now Mrs. Warren Emery, lives in Mayville, Bethel.

Miss Mollie Chapman is at her home in Bethel.

Miss Agnes Kimball has resigned her position in Berlin, N. H., and is now in Bangor, Me.

Miss Alice Purington, graduated also from Andover in '95, is assistant teacher in Gould's Academy.

Miss Carrie Hastings is taking a course at Shaw's Business College.

Miss Nellie Frost is postal clerk at Bethel.

'94

Miss Addie Gordon is at her old home in Bethel.

Miss Emma Jones resides with her uncle, Dr. Morton, of Bethel.

Personals.

'87

Miss Martha Gibson is a successful teacher in the Bethel Primary School.

Nathan Grover is Associate Professor of Civil Engineering at the University of Maine.

Messrs. Frank and Alton Bryant are in business in Lowell, Mass.

Roscoe Clark is in Homestead, Penn.

Charles Hastings, an alumnus of Johns Hopkins Institute and of Bowdoin College, is a librarian in Chicago.

Archer Grover will be graduated from the University of Maine next June. As a delegate from his college fraternity he recently attended a convention in Baltimore.

Edwin Gehring is a student at Cornell University.

Albert C. Eames, Bowdoin '98, is principal of the High school at Denmark, Maine.

George Wight is in Lancaster, Mass.

Herbert C. Rowe is in business with his father, Ceylon Rowe, of Bethel.

'95

Howard Wiley is conductor on an electric road in Boston.

Irving Kimball works in an express office in Dorchester, Mass.

Miss Hattie Harris, now Mrs. Hutchins, is in Bethel.

Miss Lizzie Moulton is at her home in West Newfield, Me.

Daniel Smith resides with his parents in Bethel.

A. G. Eames is in Methuen, Mass.

'96

Miss Bertha Wiley has been, until recently, teaching in the Bethel Village School. She intends to enter Colby in the fall of '99.

Miss Joan Stearns, who has for some time held a position in the Bethel Savings Bank, will soon go to Boston to study music.

Miss Cornelia French, has thus early, been summoned from this earthly school to a higher school in Heaven.

George Merrow is baggage master at West Bethel.

Gilman Chapman is employed by the Berlin Mills Co., in the woods of New Hampshire.

William Bryant has recently entered Shaw's Business College in Portland.

Fred Merrill is a Junior at Bowdoin.

'97

Miss Ethel Richardson is teaching at Northwest Bethel.

Miss Winnie Hall, now Mrs. Bartlett, resides in Bethel.

'98

Gerry Brooks is at work near his home in Upton, Maine.

Prof. J. D. Merriman is teaching in New York.

Miss Cora Hastings is librarian at Grinnell College, Grinnell, Iowa.

Prof. E. M. Simpson is practicing law in Bangor, Maine.

W. Stanwood Field is principal of the Montiquot School in Braintree, Mass.

Geo. H. Blake of Oxford, formerly a member of G. A.'s class of '99, is clerking for E. C. Rowe of Bethel.

Harry Hobson, who was, last year, a member of the Freshman class, is a student at the Norwich Military School in Northfield, Vermont.

Prof. F. O. Small is principal of Washington Academy, East Machias, Maine.

Barton Smith has just finished a term of school at Milton Plantation.

Prof. A. D. Hall is principal of a boys' school in Minneapolis, Minn.

Percy Bartlett has recently entered Shaw's Business College in Portland.

Edith Abbott, who has been teaching in Albany, Maine, will return to G. A. next term and graduate with the class of '99.

Robert Foster is a member of the Sophomore Class at Bowdoin.

Norman Gehring is a student at the Bowdoin Medical School.

Henry Hastings is principal of a school in Providence, Rhode Island.

Walter Chandler is a clerk in Smiley's dry goods store, Norway, Maine.

J. C. Bradbury is a merchant in Berlin, N. H.

"The noblest courage is the courage to do right."

Abbreviations.

[Note:—]

An editor sat in his sanctum drear,
 His brow was furrowed and wan,
 Racking his brain for a new idea,
 As the hours dragged wearily on.
 He must fill a column before the dawn,
 Be it witty, or gay, or sad;
 But, now, it was nearing the midnight hour,
 And not a line he had.
 Weary and sad, he bowed his head;
 His pen found its way to the floor,
 And naught was heard in the editor's room,
 Save an oft-repeated snore.
 He slept, and dreamed he was pushing his pen
 At a furious rate of speed;
 Page after page was covered o'er
 With little thought or heed.
 When the morning sun came creeping in,
 He woke with a shudder of awe,
 And gazed at the pages in mute surprise,
 For this is what he saw:

- L. V. W. Loves Very Wisely.
- R. M. S. Reviews Mathematics Sadly.
- G. H. F. Good Hearted Fellow.
- V. J. K. Virtuous, Just, Kind.
- R. C. B. Ready Chore Boy.
- M. V. S. Makes Virtues Shine.
- W. H. H. Wins Henrietta's Heart.
- C. H. F. Cheerful, Honest, Faithful.
- E. M. M. Every Morning Merry.
- M. B. G. Makes Bundy Glad.
- M. L. T. Much Latin Translates.
- C. H. H. Cherishes High Hopes.
- A. G. Amiable Girl.
- C. M. Careful Mathematician.
- C. H. B. L. Carries His Burden Lightly.
- B. A. C. Banishes All Care.
- W. G. Worships Girls.
- A. C. Always Charming.
- A. E. T. An Everlasting Toiler.
- R. M. B. Rivals Many Beauties.
- E. M. F. Ever Most Faithful.
- L. M. Little Man.
- C. M. W. Carries Much Weight.
- B. A. Beats All.
- W. W. H. Walks With Honor.
- L. M. P. Likes Much Pleasure.
- E. L. H. Everybody Loves Him.
- A. L. G. A Languid Gymnast.
- D. H. M. Delivers Honest Milk.
- A. R. Always Ready.
- E. D. B. Egotistic, Diminutive Boy.
- G. C. Gentle Child.
- J. C. H. Just Carrie's Homo.

Communication.

—NOTE. Pages from a diary kept while in Yellowstone National Park, by one of the party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. D. S. Hastings, their daughter Edith, and M. C. Chapman. The journey was made by team from Mr. Hastings' ranch, which is situated in the Judith Basin, Montana. The distance was more than five hundred miles, one hundred and seventy miles of it being in the Park.

August 31, 1898.

This morning finds us about two miles south of Cinnabar, Montana, which is at the terminus of the railroad. After going up numerous hills, we reach the northern boundary of Yellowstone National Park. Just inside the line is the little village called Gardiner City. Here are kept supplies for the miners. Every mile of the road through the Park is marked by a post, telling distance to next important place, and the altitude at the spot. The roads are very good; no loose stones anywhere. But even the government cannot remove the hills.

From Gardiner City, we followed the Gardiner River through the Canyon. The first place of interest was Eagle Nest Rock, part of a high cliff, the top of which is just large enough for an eagle's nest, which, in reality, was there, with an eagle perched upon the edge, feeding her young. The river is very picturesque, and just before leaving it, one sees the place where the hot water from the mammoth Hot Springs comes into it, after flowing for some distance under ground. This spot is one of the many places in the Park where trout are caught in cold water, and cooked in hot, without being taken from the hook, or the fisherman changing his position.

After climbing more hills, we came to Fort Yellowstone, consisting of a number of neat-looking buildings, owned by the government. Fort Yellowstone is the winter home of the soldiers who are stationed, during the summer, at the different stations in the Park. On the opposite side of the square from Fort Yellowstone, is Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, and a little southeast of this are the Mammoth Hot Springs. We did not stop to

see them to-night, as it was getting late.

We are at one of the regular camping grounds, a mile south of the hotel. There are seven tents besides ours. Some of the soldiers have just been up and invited us all down to a dance at the Fort this evening; but we did not accept the invitation.

September 1.

We are camped to-night nine miles south of Mammoth Hot Springs. Those we visited this morning, thoroughly, for we spent more than two hours on the terraces. How I did wish to take some specimens from there; but that we can not do, for if everyone was allowed to take what he wanted, all their beauty would soon be destroyed.

The order in which we visited the springs is this: Jupiter Terrace, the largest, covering an area of five acres, and the spring itself, being about one hundred feet in diameter, Cupid's Path and Cupid's Cave, Narrow Gauge Terrace, Orange Geyser, Pulpit Terrace. On this terrace we came to a long crevice in the formation, where water of a greenish hue, comes bubbling and boiling up, laden with fumes of sulphur. Standing near, we could hear it roaring beneath us, it was frightful yet fascinating. We left Pulpit Terrace by a steep path down the side of its formation,—the substance looks like powdered chalk,—and came to Minerva Terrace. Like many others, it presents the most delicate coloring, from cream white at the top, to a deep yellow at the base.

After leaving Minerva Terrace, we came past Devil's Thumb and Liberty Cap, extinct hot springs, but stopped at a little stream to see the insects, frogs, toads, and pine cones which had fallen into the water, then became coated with the sediment from the hot springs.

Going to the team, we drove about three miles and had our lunch, almost between Bunsen Peak and Terrace Mountain. Two miles farther on, we came to Golden Gate. The picture we often see, is only the entrance of the gate, and the rock on the left side of the roadway was, originally, a part of the

cliff at the right. On either side, the cliffs are nearly covered with a kind of yellow moss, much resembling gold, when viewed at a distance, therefore its name.

Just before we got through the gate, which is a mile in length, we saw at the left of the road, Rustic Falls. West of the roadway from Golden Gate to Swan Lake Basin, are the Gallatin mountains, and north, about eight miles, is Electric Peak, a majestic, snow-capped mountain eleven thousand one hundred twenty-five feet above the sea level. The view of the mountains this evening, by moonlight is something grand.

September 2.

A rainy day, so stayed in camp all day, thinking it better than to ride in the rain, and pitch the tent on wet ground. The storm began with a thunder shower in the night. As frightened as I usually am, it seemed grand to hear, after the flash of the lightning, the thunder echo and re echo from mountain to mountain.

September 3.

The ground was white with a frost this morning and the tent frozen stiff. After thawing out a little, and packing up, we again started on our journey. A mile from camp we came to Apollinaris Spring. Two miles beyond this, was Obsidian Cliff. The road around its base, was constructed by building fires, and then pouring on water to break this black glass. It is said to be the only piece of glass road in the world. Then we came past a number of lakes. Beaver Lake, which still has dams and beaver houses, being one of the many; and Twin lakes, noted for their beautiful coloring of yellow, green, and purple.

A little southeast of these lakes, is Roaring Mountain. Apparently, it was just a common mountain or hill with steam or smoke coming from barren spots. Exploring, we found it to be a mountain of burning sulphur.

The Devil's Frying Pan was the last place of special interest before we reached the Norris Geyser Basin. The first geyser to be seen

just to the left of the road, is the Congress ; Creek and register at the Guard House. We then to the right, and a little farther away, is the Constant. This was fine because it played so often ; but to me, the most interesting in that basin and the most awful, is the Black Growler. It is close beside the roadway, but several feet below. Very little water comes out, yet steam is constantly escaping, making a terrible roaring or growling. The fumes of the gases have killed all the trees around it, and given them a white coating.

We took the path at the opposite side of the road, which led to Emerald Pool and New Crater Geyser. The pool slightly overflows its basin, which is sulphur lined, but looks like coral in structure. The water has a beautiful emerald tint as the name indicates. The New Crater is surrounded by great blocks of yellow and red rock. It came into action in 1891, and ever since, has had eruptions every thirty minutes.

We drove up past the Black Growler, the horses never minding it in the least. We watched the Minute Man for sometime and then went to the Monarch Geyser, the last of any importance in the basin. Here we ate our lunch, then went on through Elk Park, a valley surrounded by tall trees and high mountains.

Then we entered Gibbon Canyon, which it is impossible to describe satisfactorily. On each side, the forest-covered mountains seem to rise to the sky, with just room enough between them for the road and river. We rode nine miles in this canyon, and then camped. The road was fine, wide enough for two teams. It was cut out at the base of the mountains, and the rock was placed for a wall on the side toward the river. We have a beautiful camping ground in an open space in the woods, with plenty of grass and wood, but no water. Yet, as it is raining we feel no immediate need of that.

September 4.

A bright and clear morning, so we left camp as early as possible for our drive of eight miles to the Fountain Geyser. Before we reached it, we had to ford the Nez Perces

mailed our letters, then went on past the Fountain Hotel, a very large building, heated by steam and lighted with electricity. This hotel has hot sulphur baths, being piped from a white sulphur spring near Fountain Geyser. None of the hotels, with the exception of Mammoth Hot Spring Hotel, are open, except from June 1, to October 3.

We left the team near the hotel and went up over the formations to the Fountain Geyser. We were close beside it, when we discovered it was ready for an eruption, so we ran away to a bank a little above where we had a splendid view. It threw the water about eighty feet into the air and to-day the display lasted twenty-seven minutes.

Just above and across the road from the Fountain, are the Mammoth Paint Pots, consisting of a large pool, filled with a substance that looks exactly like white lead paint. Surrounding this, were smaller ones, pink, gray-blue and reddish in color. From them, we went back near the team to Gentian Pool, which is of the same shade as the fringed gentians that grow so abundantly in the Park. We then drove on to Fire-hole Lake. This has large balls of gas, constantly rising, and, until they reach the surface, where they break, they look like balls of fire.

Mushroom Pool is the prettiest of the pools. It has some kind of a green growth resembling mushrooms, only much prettier. We went past this to Diamond and Lariat pools ; then across a foot-bridge to the Five Sisters, five pools or springs with only a thin partition of a lime substance between them ; but the vegetable growth inside, makes them look very different in coloring. One is white, two are pale blue, one is green and another a deep blue. Just beyond these, is Buffalo Spring. It is said that, when this was discovered in 1869, it contained the skeleton of a buffalo. We saw, or imagined we saw it, although I do not know if it is still in the spring. It was getting late, so we came on to camp, about a mile above Excelsior Gey-

ser, on the bank of Firehole River.

September 5.

The first thing after breakfast we went to a boiling spring near by and got a pail of water, which was too warm to use, even when we got back to the tent. After doing a little washing, which we left on the guy ropes of the tent to dry, we went to see Excelsior, the geyser that has not been known to have an eruption, for ten years. It is situated in the Midway Basin, in what used to be called Hell's Half Acre. Judging from appearances, it was rightly named. Unlike most of the geysers, the formation which it built for itself, looks black, and it is twelve or fifteen feet above the water.

Not a great way west of it, we saw Turquoise Spring, and a little east of that, a cold water spring, the only one in the vicinity. South of these, was Prismatic Lake, whose surface, as the sun's rays fell on it through the cloud of steam, presented all the colors of the rainbow.

We broke camp about half past ten o'clock. We had driven, not more than three miles, before we came to Biscuit Basin; but before we really reached it, we were obliged to cross Firehole River on a foot bridge.

The biscuit, formed by the water, surround Sapphire Pool. We had all been standing close to the edge of the pool; but I had walked away a little distance to take a picture, when, suddenly, the water began to shoot into the air. My companions ran just in time to escape the hot water as it descended.

After eating our lunch, we drove on, taking a different road, past the Soda Springs. By another branch road, we came to Morning Glory Spring, which looks like the flower of that name in color and shape.

We went across the bridge near Riverside Geyser, and left the team a little way up on the road that leads to Splendid. We then went to the Giant Geyser. This, the soldiers said, was "due to play before midnight." We visited Grotto, Splendid, Cornet, and Riverside; then went and sat down under the trees to await the action of the Giant, deter-

mined to see it, if possible. After spending the afternoon in this way, we decided to camp near Riverside. We were just eating supper, when some one in another party gave the signal that the Giant was in action, so everything was dropped, and all rushed to the foot of the hill, only to find it a false alarm. Going back to a fireless camp, as we had emptied a pail of water on the fire before starting, we tried to finish our supper; but did not succeed, as Mortar began to play and we ran to that. After watching this, we did not go back to camp, but went on to the Giant with the other party. When it grew dark and cold, we built a bon-fire and had a delightful evening. Soon after the moon rose—about eleven—we heard a commotion in the direction of the Oblong, so we raced through the tall, wet grass, to that. It was grand! Those who have not seen an eruption by moonlight, can not realize what they have missed. The whole body of water went up into the air about twenty feet. We went back to the fire, as we were cold in spite of our winter coats and mittens. Here we stayed until past one o'clock, then, after giving a parting look into the crater of the Giant, which showed no more signs of an eruption than it did in the afternoon, we came back to the tent, but not to sleep.

September 6.

When we were eating our early breakfast this morning, one of the horses gave a jump and a snort, but did not succeed in breaking away. We were all quite sure what it meant, as so many bear stories had been told. Sure enough, when we got near, there was a real, live bear. They are very friendly, and this one did not seem to have the least fear.

About eight o'clock, the other party had to go on, as they were with a transportation company, and they are given just so many days in the Park, regardless of what there is to see. Soon after nine the Giant commenced to play, and it rewarded us for all the time we had waited. The first five minutes was the best, as the water was

thrown fully the two hundred and fifty feet it is said to rise, then it gradually decreased. Only three besides our party were there when it began, but before half an hour, there were fifty people looking at it, and taking pictures. The display lasted two hours.

After lunch we went to the Punch Bowl, Black Sand Basin, Specimen Lake, and Sunlight Basin, then to Castle Geyser, Castle Well, and Crested Pool, and across a foot bridge to Sawmill Spasmodic, Grand Turban, and Economic, which plays every six minutes. We sat down near the Sawmill to watch Old Faithful, which plays every hour. We did not go close to Giantess, Lion, Lioness, the Cubs, nor Bee Hive. This latter has not had an eruption since the fourth of July. It celebrated on that date by playing three times. We began to feel tired of geysers, as there are, in this basin alone, twenty-six, besides more than four hundred boiling springs. On the way to find a camping place, we came to Keppler Cascades, such a pleasant rest for the eyes after the glare of the geysers. The water flows down over a series of rocky shelves, a hundred feet or more. The side of the chasm is covered with tall evergreen trees.

September 7.

We drove a long distance to-day, more than thirty miles. We crossed the Continental Divide twice. The first time near Craig Pass, altitude 8240 feet. When we were on the Pacific slope we drank from a stream, so that, within an hour's time, we had drunk of the Atlantic and Pacific waters.

At Shoshone Point we had one of the grandest views, overlooking Shoshone Lake, which is situated some distance from the road, and is surrounded by evergreen trees. Beyond were the three snow capped "Sentinels" of the Teton mountains, fourteen thousand feet high, "overtopping all other peaks of the Rockies." At the second place where the road crosses the Continental Divide, the altitude is 8345 feet.

From a place called Lake View, we

could see a greater part of Yellowstone Lake and the mountains beyond. Then, descending by a series of hills, we came to the part of the lake known as West Thumb. At that place, close to the road, was a deer, licking alkali from a dead tree. He stayed there while I got out of the team and took a picture of him, then, as I tried to get nearer, he walked across the road just in front of the horses.

September 8.

It was a perfect morning for our trip to the island, which is fifteen miles from the wharf. All went ashore to see the animals. There were five buffaloes, one a calf five weeks old, a mountain sheep, an antelope, and three elk. The mountains seen from the lake are Mt. Wasburn, Sleeping Giant, Saddle Mountain, and Mt. Stevenson. In the distance can be seen the Absorikee and Teton ranges.

As we came on, in the afternoon, we saw where the lake empties into Yellowstone River. We also saw Mud Volcano. It has been inactive since the first of August. At that time it showed unusual demonstrations, covering the trees all about with mud, also a young lady who happened to be near. This volcano fascinates one, in spite of the very disagreeable odor.

We followed the Yellowstone River through Haden valley, a great resort for all kinds of game, past Sulphur mountain, and camped in sight of it. Since we stopped we have seen a wolf and a coyote.

September 9.

After riding along beside the river, where the ducks, geese, and swan sail in peace on its placid surface, we came to the Cascades. A little way beyond those are the Upper Falls. The water falls perpendicularly one hundred and forty feet. I thought I could never see a grander sight than this; but only a quarter of a mile beyond, we came to the foot-path that leads to the very brink of the Lower, or Great Falls. Following this path, we came to a natural platform of rock, and standing on

this, with our hands firmly grasping the railing, we looked on the water as it plunged down three hundred and sixty feet,—a magnificent sight!

At this point, it is only seventy-six feet to the opposite side, and the canyon walls on either side rise from one thousand four hundred, to one thousand six hundred feet. The walls are of shades of pink, red, yellow, green, brown, and gray.

We drove along the road, following the canyon, for three miles to Inspiration Point, stopping at Point Lookout. Opposite this, is Artist's Point, where Mr. Morgan painted the famous picture, Grand View and Castle Ruins, which is now at Washington. The cliffs look as if they must have been, at some time, part of a magnificent castle. When we reached Inspiration Point, we found it to be the most beautiful spot we have visited. No one could look upon it without receiving an inspiration.

We have but eleven miles to drive before again arriving at Norris Basin, seeing on the way, Wedded Trees and Virginia Falls, and, to-morrow, we shall leave the Park, over the same road by which we entered, for as yet one is obliged to retrace the first twenty miles.

M. C. CHAPMAN, '93.

Dewey's Valentine.

Great Admiral, the Nation's at thy feet;
 There is no thing within her gift that is not thine;
 She feels thy hand on her far eastern fleet,
 She waits with bated breath thy cabled line.
 Full well she knows that when it flashes through,
 Small though the toils, 'tis big with battles won—
 Her children ask her, "What did Dewey do?"
 She reads to them, and all cry out, "Well done!"
 And, Admiral, away up overhead,
 The Angel, marking them as "truly good,"
 Puts down no single word you ever said;
 He marks you, "Silent still, but sawing wood!"

School Notes.

The present term, when viewed in retrospect, seems to have been made up of a series of misfortunes. Principal Hanscom participated in a runaway accident during his Thanksgiving vacation, from which, by the merest chance, he escaped with his life. Though present at the opening of the school, he was unable to teach at all, and it was some time before he could handle all his classes. Even yet he has not fully recovered. Before the close of the first week, Miss Mayo was taken ill, and it was four weeks before she was able to resume her work; Miss Purington was absent for several days, owing to the illness and sudden death of her grandfather, Judge Woodbury; Mr. Spear was called home by the illness and death of his father, Dr. D. D. Spear, of Portland, and at one time, more than half the students were absent with the grip. But in spite of all this, neither students nor teachers, have lost courage, and all are back in school once more, working earnestly and unitedly. We hope the coming term may be as bright as the past has been gloomy.

The gymnasium is open for use by the students, Tuesday evening, from seven until nine o'clock, Thursday afternoon, from four until half past five, and Saturday afternoon, from half past one to half past five. The gymnasium is now quite well supplied with apparatus, and we are pleased to note the interest shown by the students in their gymnasium practice.

Our reading room is at present supplied with the following papers and magazines: Review of Reviews, Self Culture, Literary Digest, McClure's, Improvement Era, Recreation, Sunshine, Great Round World, Scientific American, Current Literature and Information, Journal of Education, Youth's Companion, Portland Daily Press, Berlin Independent, Berlin Reporter, Bethel News, Rumford Falls Times, Oxford Democrat.

A nice new upright piano has been put into the Academy, recently, to take the place of the one injured in the fire. The old one has been placed in the gymnasium, where it will be very useful at the Academy socials, and also in preparing gymnastic drills, which require music. This is but one of the many improvements, which the Committee on Repairs, under the able direction of Superintendent Wiley, have brought about. The students appreciate the efforts of the trustees to make the school building thoroughly up-to-date.

A new set of classic dictionaries, has been added to the reference library.

At a meeting of the Senior class, held for the purpose, class parts were assigned as follows:

Valedictory,	Mabel Shaw
Salutatory,	Leon V. Walker
Class Ode,	George H. French
Prophecy,	Florence E. Carter
Presentation of Class Gifts,	Ruby M. Smith
Oration,	Robert C. Bisbee
History.	Beatrice E. Kelliher

One Eater. (Juanita.)

A negro melody as sung by G. A. minstrels.

(DEDICATED TO R. C. B.)

(Music by Artemus Ward.) (Words by Mozart.)

One day, 'twas in de cool December,
When de sun hung low,
A gal whose name I disrember,
On "Shanks Mare" a trip did 'spec to go.
Now, sho' 'nuff dar stood jes' right beside her,
A lassie wiv her skill untried,
Who low'd, if dat ar' hoss be bro't her,
She'd fon'ly luv to take a ride.

REFRAIN.

Ridin' on hoss-back,
Dare a gal he found,
Who'd want ter 'sposé such blindin' ign'rance.
While treading on Acad'my ground?

NOTE.—The composer died suddenly in a colic fit, due, probably, to eating an underdose of over-baked peanuts, of which he is said to have been very fond. This unfinished stanza was mysteriously found in manuscript, in the dregs of the sixth bowl of stew eaten by R. C. B., at Bryant's Pond.

"Yo' see she'd nefer tooken Nattu'l Hist'ry
For to right dem animals (of all creation) round;
So dis "Shanks Mare" w'ot warn't no quod'ped,
Wiv her a place in fancy found."

REFRAIN.

"Daown on der campus,
Hear dat mournful sound;
All dem 'Cadmites am a hankerin'
Fo' de peanuts dat der gal brung round."

QUERY?

Do you desire a good, reliable brand of peanuts? D. H. M., A. C., R. M. B., or E. H. P., severally and collectively will tell you, unhesitatingly, that those peanuts raised down in "Dixie," where the *daisies* ever dangle in the sunshine of the smiles of the buxom, sturdy lasses "a la coon," are par excellence, the best.

LECTURE COURSE.

This winter, for the first time in years, Gould's Academy has had a course of lectures. The aim of these lectures was not to make money, but rather to give to G. A. students an opportunity to listen to the best thought of the State. In this respect, the course has been even more successful than was hoped, for each speaker has given a most excellent discourse. The lectures have been held in the Congregational church, and fairly large audiences have been present. Vocal selections have been rendered each evening by the Academy quartettes. The course will be completed during the spring term.

The following reports of the lectures already given, are clipped from the Bethel News:

It was a grand send-off that Rev. L. S. Bean gave the Gould's Academy lecture course, last Friday evening, when he delivered his popular lecture, "The Devil in Black and White," before a large and appreciative audience. Mr. Bean held the undivided attention of his hearers for an hour and a half, and could have held it much longer. He possesses a wonderful faculty of wafting his audience from laughter into breathless silence, while his flights from the humorous to the sublime are exceedingly beautiful. For wisdom, philosophy, logic, and eloquence, he is one of the most able speakers which Maine affords, and all who heard him here, may consider themselves fortunate to have had the opportunity.

Those of our people who were able to attend the second of the course of lectures, given at the Congregational church, last Friday evening, by Dr. Butler of Colby College, were amply repaid for venturing out on the slippery streets. Dr. Butler has won for himself an enviable reputation, and his lecture, "College Ideal and National Life," will no doubt be remembered by the students, when making plans for future life, as it was instructive, helpful, and elevating. This course is a treat for Bethel's people, as Maine's best speakers are brought in our midst for us to see and hear.

The lecture, "The Kind of Character Demanded by the Times," delivered at the Congregational church, Monday evening, was one of the best of the course, if any distinction can be made. Rollin T. Hack is a clear, deep thinker, one who has high ideals, and aims to reach those ideals; one who works diligently for the advancement of his people to these ideals, and one who brings enthusiasm into his work. The words given to Bethel's people, Monday evening, were such as can be given only by such a man, and held his audience spell-bound; such pictures as his imagination painted, must be retained by his hearers, and we doubt not that seed sown that evening, will spring up in years to come. It can not be forgotten. Before the lecture, a most charming selection, "Come Where the Lilies Bloom," was given by the double quartette, also a vocal solo by Miss Florence Carter with violin obligato by Miss Alice Billings.

Pres. Geo. C. Chase of Bates College delivered the fourth lecture of the Gould's Academy course, at the Congregational church, last Monday evening. Many of Bethel's people availed themselves of the opportunity to listen to one of the leading educators of New England. His subject, "The Threefold Fountain of Life," suggested by Wordsworth's line, "We live by admiration, hope and love," was treated as only a man of the highest culture and attainments could treat it. No one can listen to Mr. Chase without having higher ideals and broader conceptions of life.

BANQUET TO GOULD'S ACADEMY FOOTBALL TEAM.

The following is clipped from the Bethel News:

Anything new, provided it is of a high order

is always received with open arms by the citizens of Bethel, and when it was rumored that a football team was to be organized by the boys of Gould's Academy, all those who are interested in the boys and the Academy (and who isn't?) became interested in football. Nowadays, the athletic training received in the schools, while it is not of paramount importance, is an important feature of the schedule, and to be at par in this direction, with other schools of like grade, G. A. organized its football team. The boys are young and of light weight, therefore it is not surprising if they were a trifle timid about meeting the other teams in this section, who, for terms past, have played with larger and stronger ones. At this time, the genial associate-principal of the school, Mr. Ernest H. Pratt, who always has a smile and word of encouragement, not only for his pupils, but for all those with whom he comes in contact, came to the front, and besides giving his strength and experience for the benefit of the team, told them to use all their energy, do the best they could, and in the matched games, were they losers or winners, if they would "keep a stiff upper lip," at the end of the term, they should have an oyster supper at his expense. We know how well the boys have done, and last Wednesday, Mr. Pratt, true to his word, provided the stew; in fact, provided a banquet for the team and a few invited guests.

At the popular Chute House, between the hours of seven and nine, they gathered and partook of the toothsome bi-valve. The following was the

MENU.

Relishes

Blue Points, a la Hollandaise

Queen Olives

Cucumber Pickles

Pot-pourri

Stew, d'Oystaire

Plain,

Large,

Small,

Square

Crackers

GIFTS TO BACCHUS:

Coffee

Chinese Tea

Cocoa

Jersey milk

H₂O and

PASTRY:

Washington Pie

G. A. Pie

Brown Frosted Cake

White Cake

Doughnuts

FRUIT:

Oranges

Bananas

After the banquet, toasts were in order, and were responded to by Mr. Wilfred Perkins of Oxford, Prof. Hanscom and Messrs. Walker, Bisbee, and Goodwin.

Mr. Leon Walker, in the name of the eleven, presented a silver shaving mug to Mr. Pratt, as a token of the respect and esteem in which he is held by them. Mr. Pratt very feelingly responded.

A few lady friends were admitted to the masculine precincts about nine o'clock, and helped, by their presence and talents, to enliven the remainder of the evening. Thus passes into the history of Gould's Academy, one of the most pleasant social events of the fall term of '98.

GOULD'S ACADEMY DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT.

The following report of the drama, given at the beginning of the present term by the Senior class, is taken from the Bethel News:

Notwithstanding the fact that last Thursday evening was, thus far, one of the coldest nights of the season, the familiar and true expression, "Home talent always draws the largest audiences," was verified by the large assembly gathered at Odeon hall to witness the drama, "Imogene, or The Witch's Secret," as played by the students of the class of '99, Gould's Academy. The class intended to present the drama at the close of the fall term, but an unforeseen event arising, it was postponed until last week, the first week of the winter term.

The curtain rose promptly at the time specified, and while one need not have been surprised at an occasional break, or a little prompting, nothing of the kind was seen, for so capably were the various parts assumed by the young ladies and gentlemen, that one can safely say, that many are the professional troupes who have played in our town, whose efforts came far from equalling those of the young people of the Academy.

To attempt to say who excelled in dramatic excellence, is folly; for the keen judgment of Miss Mayo, who has so faithfully supervised the rehearsals, had assigned the right parts to the right persons, and as each part was presented, the patrons felt that few are there who would have done better, while the most critical said "Well done."

With three exceptions, those who took part in the drama, never before, had attempted work of this kind, thus we feel that

their efforts deserve congratulations.

Between the acts, the quartettes of the Academy; Mrs. Varley, Misses Florence and Barbara Carter and Miss Alice Purington; and Messrs. Varley, Pratt, Walker and French, rendered much appreciated music; both quartettes kindly gave encores to most hearty applause.

The cast of characters is as follows:

Imogene,	Vivian Kelliher
Mrs. Mansfield,	Beatrice E. Kelliher
Mother Mundy, the witch of Dismal Hollow.	Sara Chapman
Susie, Mrs. Mansfield's maid,	Florence Carter
Snooks, a newsboy.	Edwin L. Harvey
Charles Mansfield,	Leon V. Walker
Dr. Harris,	Robert C. Bisbee
Deacon Austin, Mrs. Mansfield's uncle,	Wallace Goodwin.
James Reed, an Attorney,	George H. French
Dennis O'Brien, Mansfield's valet,	Charles Holmes
Waiter,	William H. Holmes

THAT ELECTRIC CLOCK.

During the fall term, the News Publishing Company of Bethel, offered an electric program clock, valued at one hundred dollars, to the academy which should procure for them the most work during the next four months,—the work to consist of advertising, job printing, and subscriptions to the News. The contest was open to Hebron, Bridgton, Paris, Fryeburg, and Gould's academies; but Hebron, Bridgton, and Gould's were the only ones to enter the list.

The G. A. students organized their forces, and went to work with a determination to win the clock if possible. Every student in school did something to swell the count, and the score at the close showed the result of their united and persistent efforts. The contest closed Friday, Feb. 17, at five o'clock p. m., and at that hour a large number of the students assembled before the News office to await the decision. It was supposed that both Hebron and Bridgton had considerable force held in reserve, hence the score was somewhat of a surprise. Mr. Bowler, of the News, had hardly announced Gould's, 36,430; Bridgton, 9875; Hebron, 3996, when his voice was drowned by

the students, and

"Spitz boom, spitz boom, spitz boom bah!
Gould's Academy, rah, rah, rah!"

echoed up and down the village street.

The clock will prove a valuable addition to the equipment of the Academy, and the students take this opportunity to thank all who aided them either by words of encouragement, or in a more substantial way.

Exchanges.

The editors are pleased to note that the number of exchanges increase with each issue of the Herald. We hope that each school into whose possession a copy of the Herald may come, will send to us its own publication, that we may place it upon the list of schools to which our paper is sent regularly. Time and space forbid a review of the different publications; but we are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of the following:

Bates Student, Coburn Clarion, Greely Institute Star, The Wreath, High School Progress, The Chronicle, The Academy Zephyr, The Tripod, Academy Bell, Washington Academy Herald, The Lever, High School Breccia, The Messenger, The Recorder, The Winthropian, The Ariel, The Stranger, Roxbury Enterprise, The Scroll, The Phillippian, Good Will Record, The School Breeze, The Phractra.

Some of the above have not sent copies of their last issue. We would be glad to receive them. If there is a long time between our papers, do not think we have forgotten you. Our paper is issued but twice a year.

We have frequently sent copies of our paper to Hebron Academy Reading Room, but, as yet, have never received a copy of The Semester. Don't be so exclusive, Hebron.

Clippings.

The girl who burst into tears, has been put together again.

To be happy, eat plenty of caraway seed.
Teacher,—“What is our lesson about?”

Pupil,—“About three times as long as it ought to be.”

How do we know that Cæsar had an Irish sweetheart?

Because when he came to the Rhine, he proposed to bridge it. (Bridget.)

A Frenchman was calling on a young American lady who could not speak French. In an excess of enthusiasm he said: “Mademoiselle, je l'adore!” “Shut it yourself,” promptly replied the young lady.

According to a mourning contemporary “four horses, an express wagon, and” a large number of chickens perished in the flames last night.” The heart-rending cries of the express wagon must have brought tears to the eyes of a sweet potato.

At a table in a hotel,
A youth and maiden sat;
They didn't know each other,
But what of that?
The youth picked up the sugar,
With a smile you won't oft meet,
And passed it to the girl, saying,
“Sweets to the sweet.”
She picked up the crackers,
And scorn was not lacked,
As she passed them to him, saying,
“Crackers to the cracked.”

At an elementary examination in English, two sentences were given out to be corrected. The first sentence was to be corrected as to its subject matter; the second as to its syntax. These were the sentences: “The hen has three legs.” “Who done it?” When the papers were handed in, it was found that one of the examinees had regarded the sentences as subtly connected in thought, for his answer was as follows: “The hen didn't done it; God done it.”

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
‘Twas not given for you alone,—
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears—
Pass it on.

Statistics of the Class of '99.

NAME.	Known as.	Age.	Weight.	Height.	Size Shoe.	Favorite Dish.	Disposition.	Complexion.
Bisbee, Robt. C.,	Bib,	16	145	5-8	6	Oyster Stew,	Mild,	Sandy.
Carter, Florence E.,	Floss,	18	120	5-4	4	Pink Lemonade,	Jolly,	Pretty.
Chapman, Sarah B.,	Bundy,	18	118	5-4	4	Pears,	Sudden,	Blooming.
Farwell, Cora H.,	Code,	18	140	5-7	6	Lemon Pie,	Calm,	Muddy.
French, Geo. H.,	Frenchie,	17	167	5-10 $\frac{3}{4}$	8	A Variety,	Moderate,	Pale Brown.
Kelliher, Vivian J.,	Vivian,	18	127	5-4	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	Pickles,	Changeable,	Has None.
Kelliher, Beatrice E.,	Bea,	16	135	5-3	4 $\frac{1}{2}$	Everything,	"Git up and Git."	Indescribable.
Morse, Ethel M.,	Mossy,	18	136	5-5	5	Chocolates,	Peaceful,	Pink and White.
Shaw, Mabel V.,	O, Shaw,	19	130	5-2	4	Dish-pan,	Happy,	Blushing.
Smith, Ruby M.,	Rhubarb,	16	136	5-7	5	"Water-millions,"	Mulish,	Drab.
Walker, Leon V.,	Walker.	16	165	5-10 $\frac{1}{2}$	7	Raw Oysters,	Good Natured,	Variable.

NAME.	Natural Expression of Face.	By-word.	Forte.	Future Occupation.	Favorite Song.
Bisbee, Robt. C.,	Sorrowful,	Amen!	Eating,	Minister,	"Old Hundred."
Carter, Florence E.,	Cheerful,	Has None,	Piano-forte,	Deaf and Dumb Teaching,	Lovely Appear.
Chapman, Sarah B.,	Haughty,	O, Come Off,	Waltzing,	Breathing,	Let Bygones be Bygones Forever.
Farwell, Cora H.,	Resigned,	Has None,	Teaching,	Farming,	Doxology.
French, Geo. H.,	Solemncholly,	Moses!	Foot-ball.	Journalism,	There is No Love Like the Old Love.
Kelliher, Vivian J.,	Austere,	There Now,	Dancing,	Something Mostly,	Twinkling Stars are Laughing, Love,
Kelliher, Beatrice E.,	Madonna-like,	Alligators,	Talking,	Talking Machine,	There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town,
Morse, Ethel M.,	Sober,	My Sakes,	Virgil,	Teaching,	Au Revoir. [To-night.
Shaw, Mabel V.,	Smiling,	Cicero!	Penmanship,	Writing,	Paddle Your Own Canoe.
Smith, Ruby M.,	Divine,	Golly!	Mathematics,	Killing Time,	She Was Bred in Old Kentucky.
Walker, Leon V.,	Top-lofty,	Selah!	Most Anything,	Pedagogue,	Lost Chord.



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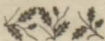
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